

Friday I'm In Love by Astral_Bees

Category: IT (2017), IT (2019), IT - Stephen King

Genre: A story about two boys in love?, Don't read the second chapter if you don't want to see a canon death, I genuinely thought I was done writing IT fics, It chapter one and two, Just Friends, Losers club - Freeform, M/M, Reddie, Repression, Richie just is continuously like: Critical thinking? That's a school only skill, This was a stupid idea, haha - Freeform, internalized homophobia?, just guys being dudes, nah, they're just good friends, yep

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-05

Updated: 2019-12-05

Packaged: 2019-12-17 16:39:44

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,347

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie and Eddie decide that it's totally cool if they just date on Fridays. It doesn't count. Right?

1. Idiot Boys

Author's Note:

This is basically
What if we kissed, but only on Fridays... haha... jk
jk... unless?

Also, I thought of this fic because my brain hates me and applied Friday I'm In Love to Reddie. However, when I planned on this starting when they were 16 I was unaware that they would be 16 the same year Friday I'm In Love was released. I'm a sucker for a good coincidence.

I keep thinking I'm done writing IT fics, but then my brain is like, nah. However, I think this might actually be my last one

Oh, and the second chapter is really just a few sentences for an alternate ending. The alternate ending follows canon for a certain someone's fate.

It was an accident. Some mistake made on a Friday night between two kids who didn't really understand. It didn't mean anything, couldn't mean anything. They were both boys. And boys don't make those mistakes together on purpose. At least, that was what they both told themselves. But then the following Friday rolled around, and they made the same exact mistake all over again. It was almost as if it wasn't an accident.

Richie tried to tell himself he didn't feel anything when they kissed. That kissing Eddie was the same as when he kissed Bev, just something friends do. He tried to change his feelings, but he just couldn't seem to escape them. So, instead, he made a suggestion.

"Hey Spaghettihed, I've been thinking about what we're doing here and um, you think you want to make it a thing? Just Fridays when we're free and bored, y'know?" Richie rushed through his words.

Eddie stared at Richie for a bit. Too long.

“I mean, I’ll have to make sure I don’t have any hot babes scheduled. I’m sure I could pencil you in though, Eds.”

A laugh bubbled up in his throat, and he knew it was simply the nerves causing him to laugh at his own joke. But why was Eddie taking so long to say something? Why had he even thought this could work? They had just gotten wrapped up in accidental moments.

“No, Richie. I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Eddie’s voice was quiet as he spoke. He wouldn’t make eye contact with Richie anymore and made to leave shortly after speaking.

Richie watched as he left, trying to think of something to say to make him stay. But he couldn’t seem to get any words out. So, he sat there with Eddie’s words bouncing around in his head. He should’ve known it was a bad idea. He should’ve known he was the only one of them that had actually felt something. He should’ve known.

The next couple of days passed with some quiet, awkward patches between the two. None of the other Losers mentioned it, but they could tell something was off.

And then that following Friday arrived.

Richie and Eddie seemed to be keeping distance between themselves, that is until they were the final two left in the clubhouse. Eddie pushed himself to his feet, making his way over to Richie in quick strides.

The quiet of the clubhouse seemed to press in on Richie as he looked up at Eddie.

“I wouldn’t get too close to me, Eds. I think your mom left some bed bu-” Richie started, trying to add some noise to the room. Though he didn’t get to finish.

“Don’t call me Eds.”

Eddie pressed his lips to Richie’s in a bit of a quick kiss. When the two had pulled away from each other, they stayed silent, faces

reddened. It was becoming an increasingly familiar predicament the two found themselves in.

“Fridays. Just Fridays,” Eddie said.

Richie nodded.

“Ok, good,” Eddie nodded as well as he spoke, though it looked more like a quick bob of his head.

They both headed out after that, biking back to their respective homes, but Richie couldn’t hide the grin on his face as he pedaled. They were something. But only on Fridays. He guessed that would just have to be enough.

Balance within the Losers had returned to normal and no one bothered to ask what had been going on with Richie and Eddie. Whatever it was, it had apparently sorted itself out. If anything, Richie seemed happier than before. Everything was easy again between the group.

Friday came around and when Bev asked Richie if he wanted to hang out, he made an excuse. It was something simple and Bev didn’t question it. Still, he felt jumpy. It felt like a big secret to keep from her.

However, Richie found his worries washed away somewhat when he saw Eddie waiting outside the movie theater. Part of him couldn’t help but think of it as a real date, but another part kept reminding him that this was just something Eddie had agreed to out of boredom. It was still a date. Of some sort. And that was what mattered.

“Looking good, Eddie Spaghetti. Did you dress up special just for me?” Richie said, grinning. His gaze flicked over Eddie’s outfit, which was just a variation of his normal look. Nothing new, yet it felt miles different.

“No, actually I thought your sister might like my outfit. You did bring her, right? She’s the more interesting of you two.”

“Ah shit, knew I was forgetting something. I’m sure she can find her way here alone. Y’know, once she finds her way into existence.”

Eddie smiled softly, biting back a laugh. Even Richie's worst jokes seemed to get under Eddie's skin and bubble up through his throat. Their humor just seemed to fit, even when they knew they weren't saying anything worth a laugh.

The movie started as they found their way to their seats. In the darkness of the theater, their fingers intertwined, and Richie let himself feel like they were just like anybody else. They could hold hands in public without the fear of ridicule. They could do this every Friday and just be normal. They could be almost boyfriends. And that was close enough for Richie.

The next few Fridays followed in a similar manner. An easy activity, some time spent out of the public eye, and then no discussion of any of it until the Friday after. It was flowing well enough, but Richie could tell with each Friday that passed, it wouldn't end well. There was no way they could keep it up without him eventually getting crushed. What he hadn't figured out was whether it would be best to end it sooner, or to let himself hurt more for the chance at having more time with Eddie. He hadn't officially made up his mind, but he felt like he would probably go with the latter.

More time passed and at some point, Richie gave up on trying to save himself from the inevitable pain. Eddie was worth it. Eddie would always be worth it for him.

The one struggle he hadn't considered was keeping his distance on any day that wasn't a Friday. It was hard to pretend like he didn't want to hold Eddie's hand or kiss him when they were sitting together in the clubhouse, surrounded by the others. It was harder still when they were alone. But he knew he couldn't go against the rules they had set. That would be like admitting how he felt, and he could lose Eddie if he came clean. So, he kept his hands to himself when it came to anything out of the ordinary.

They didn't talk about it, didn't acknowledge it. But Richie was close to bursting, just keeping it all to himself. He knew he couldn't tell anyone about what was going on. But still, he did. There was no way he could keep it a secret and not spontaneously combust, he was fairly certain about that.

Waiting for an opening was difficult once he had decided to spill, but he knew he had to plan it well. If he told and someone else heard, it could snowball. It would be bad. So, he waited for the right moment to tell Stan. Richie may not have known how to go about dealing with all he was feeling, but Stan would. He was convinced Stan knew everything.

The moment came at the quarry. Stan and Richie were the last of the Losers left behind, and as Stan got back into his dry clothes, Richie figured it was time.

“Stan, I uh, I need your opinion on something,” he said, trying to ignore his heart in his throat. Stan gave a slight nod to indicate he could go on and with that, Richie explained everything to the best of his abilities.

Stan blinked, processing the information, and choked back a laugh.

“Ok, ok. So, you’re telling me that you and Eddie go on dates? And you want to know how to stop thinking about him?” laughter shook his frame, but never made its way past his lips. “You do hear yourself, right?”

“What? It’s not like it’s an everyday boyfriend thing. It’s just a sometimes thing. And I need to stop feeling,” Richie sighed and flopped onto his back, one arm slung over his eyes.

“Oh, Richie, you can’t be serious. Obviously, you two just need to talk this over and start actually dating,” Stan started, adding a little bit under his breath. “Even though that’s what you two are basically doing.”

Richie kicked out at Stan blindly, missing completely.

“It’s just a sometimes thing,” Richie repeated, adding, “He doesn’t really like me like that.”

Stan looked at him a bit longer than he had before, fully taking in the current state of his best friend. He softened his approach, sitting down by Richie, letting his fingers drift absentmindedly through his hair.

“Just start by talking to him. Please, Rich,” Stan said, gently.

Richie nodded slightly, not bothering to say anything. He had already made up his mind on what he was going to do. But he couldn't tell Stan. He didn't want to disappoint him.

And even though he had decided on his course of action, when Friday finally came back around, Stan's words kept swimming through his head. Maybe talking to Eddie about everything would be good. Maybe it wouldn't end in disaster. Maybe he could manage that.

He broke away from Eddie, taking a moment to collect his thoughts. To get away from the fact that he had just been kissing Eddie Kaspbrak, even though that shouldn't still shock him.

“Can I tell you something?”

Eddie paused for just a second before nodding once.

Richie took a breath and readied himself to say what he wanted to say. What he was terrified of admitting.

“You're a way better kisser than your mom. She gives too much tongue. Real mood killer.”

Fuck.

A scowl formed across Eddie's face, but part of him looked relieved. And it stripped away what remained of Richie's confidence. If he hadn't been able to say it before seeing that, there was no way he could do it after.

“Oh, shut up, asshole. You need to learn jokes that didn't come from a fifth grader's reject pile.”

Richie forced out a laugh and plastered on a smile, “Ouch, Eds. Maybe you're the real mood killer. Here I was, thinking I was giving you a nice compliment.”

He shrugged, exaggerating the movement as Eddie shoved him lightly.

Their night didn't last much longer than that. And when Richie got home, he pulled his covers over himself and played through the date in his head on loop. There were so many changes he wished he could've made. But he did what he did, and he had to live with that.

And as Richie sat in bed, picking at a band aid Eddie had insisted he put on his scratched knee, he couldn't help but think, 'I'm in love with you.' It was terrifying.

Eddie was having a similar conundrum in his own room, going over the day's events. He had wanted something more than another 'your mom' joke, but at the same time, he didn't. If Richie had said something else, he would have had to think about everything. And he already thought too much. There just wasn't any solid ground with Richie. And as long as they were stuck in Derry, there never would be. He had to be content with what he'd gotten himself into. Why had he gotten himself into it in the first place?

He pulled his pillow over his face and tried to calm his brain. It was no use. He couldn't simply switch off the merry go round of thoughts in his head. Especially the ones about Richie.

It didn't help that he had his mother's voice in the back of his mind throughout all of it. Eddie could hear her reaction to him just holding Richie's hand, let alone kissing him. He could see her face if he told her any of what had been going on, her face if she found out on her own. And he hated it. She was always there. He just wanted things to be easy. He wanted to fall in love with Richie the way every 'normal' couple got to fall in love. Instead, he knew he couldn't afford to fall for him. Even though he also knew that ship had sailed a long time ago.

Richie's face filled up his mind's eye and as he drifted off to sleep, he let himself imagine a real confession taking the place of the 'your mom' joke. At least they could be easy in his dreams. At least he got to kiss Richie Tozier on occasion.

Sitting in the clubhouse the next day felt normal. Which was good enough. No, it was good. Normal was good. That was how things were supposed to be. But Richie couldn't help wondering what it would be like if he told the others all about what was going on. What

would happen if he kissed Eddie in front of them. What would happen if he had the balls to tell Eddie how he felt. It was like there was an ongoing war taking place in his head. Pulling him back and forth between telling Eddie or running away from his feelings.

He settled his nerves and laughed along with everyone else, playing it as cool as he could. Richie had to face the facts. No matter how much he thought about confessing, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Richie, baby, how do I look?"

Bev's words shook him out of his thoughts, bringing him back to the moment. He looked over at Bev and saw that she had pulled a bucket hat over her curls and draped a boa around her neck. Stifling a laugh, he began to clap for her as she posed.

"Absolutely gorgeous, darling! Purely glowing!"

She bowed to a chorus of laughter from the rest of the Losers.

The moment pulled Richie away from the thoughts that had been hounding him and he found himself offering his hand to Bev. Then the two of them were swaying to laughter, makeshift dancing to makeshift music.

Bev pulled the boa from around her neck and placed it across Richie's shoulders. He shimmied in place and the others began to join in the dancing, someone switching on actual music in the process. The seven of them jumped and swayed to the music, a mess of limbs and laughter. Richie grabbed Mike's hand and spun him in a quick circle, causing Mike to bump into Bill.

The laughter and dancing died down together, bringing the end of the night with it. They knew that they would spend the next few days constantly among each other, even more than usual. School would eat up some of their time together and they wanted to make up for it before it got the chance.

And soon enough school was upon them, their junior year pulling Richie and Eddie away from their Friday nights. It wasn't even something they really discussed, they just stopped meeting up for

dates. Part of it was that the Losers tended to take up most of their Friday nights since school absorbed their days. The other part was something neither of them liked to acknowledge, school made everything feel more real. 'Dating' during the summer was almost dreamlike. It was complicated, but it felt less like reality. Everything felt less like reality in the summer. But school provided structure. And structure reminded them that it was all real. So, they stopped. For the school year.

The next two summers followed in similar fashion. Dates that they never talked about. Emotions they pretended didn't exist. Love they pushed off as purely platonic. And then it all stopped right before school. Except for the last summer, the summer after their senior year.

They didn't do as much that summer. Didn't share as many Fridays. They both knew it had to end and it was easier to put distance between themselves than finally admit the truth. Eddie was preoccupied with trying to convince his mom it was good for him to go out of state for college. Richie was busy getting ready to leave. They had their own worries. And they had the Losers to say goodbye to as well. They didn't need to make it harder by acknowledging how their 'dating' had actually been dating.

Richie and Eddie's final date was the Friday before Richie left for college. They went about it as they normally did, they had a good time. But as they finally parted ways, they held onto each other longer than they ever let themselves before.

Richie was well aware he would feel even worse when he had to leave, had to watch what was left of the Losers get smaller as the distance grew. But in that moment, he felt like shit. Worse than he could have imagined saying goodbye could make someone feel. His eyes stung from trying to force back the tears, eventually giving up and letting them slip down his cheeks.

When he left Derry, he didn't even try to hold back his tears. Bev pulled him in for a hug and he sagged against her, soft sobs shaking his frame. The others piled into the hug with them, aside from Ben and Bill who had already left. They became a mass of tears, and arms, and bittersweet love.

He forced himself to go. And that was it.

There were twenty-two years of nothing. No best friends dancing in a clubhouse. No held hands in a quarry. No chaste kisses shared between two scared boys. No more mumbled lies about what they were to each other. Just a loveless marriage and work friends. A number of one-night stands and a manager. Questions about the whisper of a kiss they could hardly remember and even more about the scars scattered across several states.

Dreams filled with held hands were just more missing pieces of an already unfinished puzzle. No answer as to why they remembered love, but not who gave it to them.

And then there were six phone calls.

Mike's voice bringing them all back to Derry. The memories following soon after. Richie and Eddie filled with all of what they had. Two boys rejecting who they are, refusing to acknowledge they may be something other than friends.

Amidst the stars and the lights of a long-forgotten town, they share the first kiss that's meant anything to either of them in a long time.

And then all seven of them go down, down, down to a cavern to defeat an evil they thought they had done away with years ago. Memories, determination, and the love of family found once again filling them to the brim. They follow the past and go further. Passed a broken arm. Passed where they found a yellow raincoat. Passed a floating girl with white eyes. Until they reach the future.

They finish what they started twenty-seven years earlier. And when they get out, Eddie pulls Richie into a kiss that doesn't feel like it needs rules to be ok. Those two boys from all of those years before, finally ready to admit that they were always something a little different than friends. Finally able to stand on solid ground.

2. Alt Ending: Oof

Summary for the Chapter:

I apologize for a) how short this is and b) the fact that it follows canon for Eddie.

They finish what they started twenty-seven years earlier. But it doesn't feel right. They followed their history, and the histories of those before them, down to the cavern. But they don't all get to leave. Eddie ends up a piece of their shared history. A hollow in all of their chests. Leaving Richie with all that they left unsaid. Never given the chance to explain how those Fridays meant 'I love you.'

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed! I don't really know where I was going with this, but I posted it anyway!